

2-27-2021

## Elizabeth Sacco, Soprano, and Lydia Kee, Soprano, Junior Voice Recital

Elizabeth Sacco

Lydia C. Kee

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**THE CEDARVILLE UNIVERSITY  
DEPARTMENT OF  
MUSIC AND WORSHIP**

**PRESENTS THE**

**JUNIOR VOICE RECITAL**

**OF**

**ELIZABETH SACCO  
SOPRANO**

**ELIZABETH DUNKEL  
PIANO**

**AND**

**LYDIA KEE  
SOPRANO**

**BRIENNA WEIGNER  
PIANO**

**SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 2021  
7 P.M.**

**RECITAL HALL  
BOLTHOUSE CENTER FOR MUSIC  
DIXON MINISTRY CENTER**

## PROGRAM

### I - Lydia Kee

*Chi vuol la zingarella* from ZINGARI IN FIERA, R. 1.79 ..... Giovanni Paisiello (1740–1816)  
*O del mio dolce ardor* ..... Christoph Willibald Gluck (1714–1787)

### I - Elizabeth Sacco

*Si bella Mercede* from ERMELINDA ..... Leonardo Vinci (1690–1730)  
*Tu mancavi a tormentarmi* ..... Pietro Marc'Antonio Cesti (1623–1669)

### II - Lydia

*Ich folge dir gleichfalls* from ST. JOHN PASSION, BWV 245 ..... J. S. Bach (1685–1750)  
*Waldeinsamkeit* from VOLKSLIEDER ..... Max Reger (1873–1916)  
*Gretchen am Spinnrade* ..... Franz Schubert (1797–1828)

### II - Elizabeth

*Faites-lui mes aveux* from FAUST ..... Charles Gounod (1818–1893)  
*Ô beaux rêves évanouis* from ÉTIENNE MARCEL .... Charles-Camille Saint-Saëns (1835–1921)

### III - Lydia

*Loveliest of Trees* ..... John Duke (1899–1984)  
*Dans la forêt du charme et de l'enchantement* ..... Ernest Chausson (1855–1899)

### III - Elizabeth

*An Old Fashioned Song* ..... Ricky Ian Gordon (b. 1956)  
*The Red Dress* ..... Ricky Ian Gordon

### IV - Lydia

*Love Has Eyes* ..... Sir Henry Bishop (1786–1855)  
*My White Knight* from THE MUSIC MAN ..... Meredith Willson (1902–1984)

### IV - Elizabeth

*Adelaide's Lament* from GUYS AND DOLLS ..... Frank Loesser (1910–1969)  
*Home* from BEAUTY AND THE BEAST ..... Alan Menken (b. 1949)

### V - Elizabeth and Lydia

*That Horrible Woman* from A GENTLEMAN'S GUIDE TO LOVE AND MURDER  
..... Steven Lutvak (b. 1959)

Brienna Weigner, piano

Elizabeth is a student of Beth Cram Porter.  
Lydia is a student of Mark Spencer.

This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the Bachelor of Arts  
in music degree for Elizabeth Sacco.

*No flash photography, please.*

*Please turn off all cell phones.*

# Translations

## **Chi vuol la zingarella**

Who desires the gipsy girl,  
graceful, prudent and beautiful?  
Gentlemen, here she is.  
Gentlemen, here she is.

The ladies on the balconies  
are easily to be figured out.  
The young men at the street corners  
are teased more easily.

The heads of old men in love  
Can be set on fire.

## **O del mio dolce ardor**

Oh, desired object  
Of my sweet ardor,  
The air which you breathe,  
At last I breathe.

Wherever I turn my glance  
Your lovely features  
Paint love for me:  
My thoughts imagine  
The most happy hopes,  
And in the longing which  
Fills my bosom  
I seek you, I call you, I hope, and I sigh.

## **Si bella Mercede**

Such a beautiful reward  
Encourages the deed.  
My beloved, my life  
I will be faithful to you, ah yes.

And the bonds of my heart,  
Oh my sweet love,  
I will never undo, no.

## **Tu mancavi a tormentarmi**

Will you continue to torment me,  
cruel hope,  
by not fulfilling my wish?  
With sweet remembrances you poison me anew.  
The incinerating flame still consumes me,  
And my burning wounds testify anew of my  
misfortune.  
Nevertheless, I would not remove  
the chains that bind me.

## **Ich folge dir gleichfalls**

I follow you likewise  
with joyful steps

and do not leave you  
my life, my light.  
Bring me on my way  
and do not cease  
to pull, push  
and urge me on.

## **Waldeinsamkeit**

Yesterday evening in the peaceful stillness,  
I saw in the wood a blackbird;  
as I sat there,  
forgetful of myself,  
my darling creeps up to me  
and kisses me.

For every leaf upon the linden,  
a thousand times my darling kissed me;  
I must confess  
there was no one about to see,  
and the blackbird will be my witness:  
we were alone.

## **Gretchen am Spinnrade**

My peace is gone,  
My heart is heavy,  
I will find it never  
and never more.

Where I do not have him,  
That is the grave,  
The whole world  
Is bitter to me.

My poor head  
Is crazy to me,  
My poor mind  
Is torn apart.

My peace is gone,  
My heart is heavy,  
I will find it never  
and never more.

For him only, I look  
Out the window  
Only for him do I go  
Out of the house.

His tall walk,  
His noble figure,  
His mouth's smile,  
His eyes' power,

*Continued on back*

And his mouth's  
Magic flow,  
His handclasp,  
and ah! his kiss!

My peace is gone,  
My heart is heavy,  
I will find it never  
and never more.

My bosom urges itself  
toward him.  
Ah, might I grasp  
And hold him!

And kiss him,  
As I would wish,  
At his kisses  
I should die!

### **Faites-lui mes aveux**

Confess to her for me,  
Give her my wishes,  
Flowers who bloomed at her side,  
Tell her she is lovely  
And that night and day my heart  
Pines for love of her!  
Reveal to her soul  
The secret of my flame!  
Let it breathe out with you  
Sweetest fragrances ...  
Withered! ... Alas  
This God-forsaken wizard  
Has cast a spell on me!  
I cannot touch a flower  
But it withers!  
What if I dipped my hand in holy water?

This is where Marguerite  
Comes to pray every evening!  
Now, quickly, let's see!  
Do they wither?  
No! Satan, I laugh at you!  
It is you that I trust.  
Speak for me!  
May she be acquainted with  
The passion she has roused  
And of which my troubled heart  
Has not breathed a word.  
If love alarms her,  
May the flower know  
How to drop on her mouth  
A gentle kiss...

### **Ô beaux rêves évanouis**

Fairy visions melted away!  
All ye hopes so tenderly cherished!  
Thoughts once so full of charm,  
Ye forever have perished.  
Farewell!  
Of your glory no ray evermore shall be mine,  
Ye forever have perished.  
Yet God seemed a smile to bestow,  
On a love only death can banish:  
The rapture of an hour  
Never to return did vanish,  
And my heart strings are wrung by a memory of  
woe.  
All our future seemed bright as the dawn's  
radiation;  
Now overweening pride,  
Bitter hatred and passion  
Have torn us asunder for aye!

### **Dans la forêt du charme et de l'enchantement**

Beneath your dark tresses, little fairies,  
You sang most sweetly in my path,  
Beneath your dark tresses, little fairies,  
In the forest of charm and enchantment.  
In the forest of charm and magical rites,  
While I slept, O tender gnomes,  
From your hands, good gnomes, you offered me  
A golden sceptre, alas, while I slept.  
I have since known them to be mirage and  
delusion,  
Those golden sceptres and songs in the forest;  
But like a credulous child I weep for them  
And should like still to sleep in the forest.  
Though I know them to be mirage and delusion!

#### **Citations:**

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